

**the
Monster
Times**

FLASH! BULLETIN! EXTRA!!!
STAR TREK TO FLY AGAIN!
 Read all about the new STAR TREK feature film on Page 24 of this typically gala issue
 in our EXCLUSIVE TMT INTERVIEW with STAR TREK's august mentor, GENE RODDENBERRY!

STAR TREK KEEPS ON TREKIN

And while you're on your way to page 24, be prepared to first encounter such formidable heroes and tiends as GODZILLA and his arch-enemy, THE THING, paranoid pulp hero OPERATOR 5, TV's THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK, the diminutive but durable INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, and, lying just beyond that newsworthy page, THE WIZARD OF GORE, director Herschell Gordon Lewis, much-maligned mastermind of the "blood n' gore" genre. You'll also want to make sure to peruse our special and (hopefully!) one-time-only TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS insert (one that beres the private lives of Toho's top terror stars). Martin A. Jackson's endnote discourse on FRIGHT FILM RENTING, and horror historian Ron Haydock's continuation of his MONSTER MOVIE COMICS series. Other amazing frights, sights and true-life stories also await your scrutiny within this, the latest and (as usual) greatest issue of THE MONSTER TIMES. Remember: if you didn't see it here first, then you probably saw it someplace else.



Seems like only yesterday that we last ran a royal TMT filmbook on a Japanese monster movie but, checking our voluminous records, we find that we haven't run nary a one since Gamera's monstrous mea culpa appeared back in TMT 37. So, due to popular demand and our own desire not to slight the eerie offerings of Toho's terror team, we decided to kick off this issue in grand Godzilla style with Mark Rainey's filmbook on **GODZILLA VS. THE THING**, a 1965 epic that pitted the "Big G" against Mothra, as well as a team of dedicated team of investigative reporters against a pair of ruthless capitalists. You'll discover all the dire details of the whole sordid story in...

GODZILLA VS. THE THING

BY MARK RAINEY

Off the coast of Japan, a terrible typhoon rages. Buildings and houses are washed away as water floods the land. Boats in the harbor are knocked onto the shore as if they were mere toys. The scene is one of awful destruction, and all the inhabitants of the area can do is watch in helpless horror until the storm subsides.

By the following morning, reconstruction crews are already working on restoring the demolished area. The weather is clear and sunny, and reporters gather to watch the rebuilding. Sakai and two reporters from Nagoya are trying to get a good story. Sakai shoots at Yuka for not taking pictures when there is so much going on.

"I want to capture this!" he says angrily. "My articles are not enough. I must have photographs to go with them, and I want them today!"

The head of the project shouts for the people to move. He finds Sakai, and excoiates the young reporter. "Young man, come here! What's the idea of writing these articles?"

Sakai tells him that the typhoon demolished the industrialization project.

"That's not what I mean! Your articles make it sound as if our deadline is hopeless. That's not true, I tell you. It will be done." He explains that they will take all the seawater and pump it back into the ocean. He adds, "That story was a lie!"

Yuka is still trying to set up the camera.

"How many did you get?" asks Sakai.

"None yet, this is my first."

Sakai is exasperated. "This isn't art, you know. Just go ahead and shoot!" He goes to the camera. "Let me show you how it's done, Yuka!" cries Sakai in despair. He looks through the viewfinder. "What are you taking a picture of? What is that thing?"

"I've no idea, really," Yuka replies. "It's very pretty, don't you think?" The object is a colorful piece of mysterious matter floating close to shore.

At the city desk, the editor of the paper, one Mr. Marota, answers the phone. "Hello, Marota speaking." He looks at

another reporter, Tonamoa, who is eating an egg. "What, Right? I'll send a man right away!" He hangs up and turns to Tonamoa. "Where's Sakai?"

Tonamoa says that he's at Korada beach. Marota tells Tonamoa to put down the egg; there's a big story unfolding at the beach.

"What story?"

"About a monster egg!"

"A monster egg!"

GODS GUARANTEE SAILORS' SAFETY

Out in the ocean, a gigantic, oval thing is floating. The head of the project tells a group of fishermen to retrieve the egg. However, many cries of protest immediately arise. "We'll be killed!" they insist. "Oh, what's the matter with you?" cries an old priest. "The gods will protect you from any monster's curse!"

The boss says, "Now, bring it in. You'll all be safe, thanks to the gods." The fishermen then eagerly go out in their boats to fetch the large object.

From a helicopter, a number of reporters watch as the egg is towed to the shore.

After the egg is beached, a Professor Murali examines it. Sakai attempts to ask Dr. Murali a few questions, but the professor says he is too busy. Finally, he gives in, and Sakai asks if he thinks that the monster egg might explode.

"I don't know the answer!" he barks.

Suddenly, a man arrives and tells a group of men with him to rope off the area. He shouts at Dr. Murali. "You there, don't touch that egg!"

"Who are you?"

"Since you ask, I'm Kumayama, the great entrepreneur."

"Oh, you are?" asks Murali, reproachfully.

Kumayama smiles. "I bought this egg. It belongs to a company now."

Murali asks who sold it to him. A fisherman interrupts and says that he did and further asserts that he had a right to sell it—the egg was on his property.

However, Murali objects and says that scientists should be able to observe it, instead of its being exploited as a tourist attraction. Kumayama tells Yuka to take his picture. But as she does, Kumayama blows smoke from his cigar into the lens.

"That picture ought to be excellent!" he laughs.

At Dr. Murali's hotel, Yuka sits with Sakai, pointing about the incident at the beach. Sakai tells Murali that if he goes to the authorities, then he will lend his

As you can plainly see, the "Big G" was all business in Toho's **GODZILLA VS. THE THING**, a monster ramp filmed before his conversion to good guy status in later epics like **GODZILLA: THE THREE-HEADED MONSTER** and **DESTROY ALL MONSTERS**. TMT writer Mark Rainey's next-by-swall account of Godzilla's run-in with Mothra begins below.

support. Murali, however, thinks it would be useless to try. As they go downstairs, Sakai sees Kumayama and follows him to Room 10, where a man named Torahotta lodges. Sakai quickly discovers that Torahotta is the one who really makes all the plans and finances Kumayama's project.

Torahotta tells Kumayama that their plan is perfect.

"It's wrong!" an unseen voice begs to differ.

The two men look around to see where the voice came from. "Spies!" yells Torahotta. They cover the plans, and gasp



Godzilla wears his less-than-lovely head to keep abreast of the action as busy humans deal and connive for possession of the potentially profitable egg.

as they see something—the tiny Aelinas, the guardians of the monster Mothra—standing before them. The two little girls speak in unison. "We beg you to return our egg. Return it!"

Torahotta tells Kumayama to grab them, but the diminutive duo eludes his grasp.

Sakai, having heard all, bursts into the room. "Did I hear a fight?" he inquires. Kumayama tells Sakai to get out.

"Get out and stay out!" seconds Torahotta.

Sakai leaves and tells Yuka and Dr. Murali that a man named Shiro Torahotta is the brains behind Kumayama and Happy Enterprises, the firm that bought the egg. "Torahotta has influence. He's well acquainted with all the big politicians in the city."

"I see, an exploiter," nods Yuka.

"Please return the egg!" a small, female voice cries.

Sakai asks if Yuka said anything. Yuka directs her glance to a tree branch. "Look there!" she gasps. The two men look to see the two tiny Aelinas sitting on the branch.



The petite Aelinas, diminutive harbingers of large-scale doom, stand before the eerie, unattended egg that washes up at Korada beach...an egg that soon becomes an object of custody, terror and greed. Confused onlookers can't make heads or tails of it, perhaps because eggs, even giant radioactive monster eggs, are quite hard to get either of those commodities.

The Monster Scene

In keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the area ephebees that's been appearing lately in place where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column, THE MONSTER SCENE brought to you by your friendly friend in the field of T.V. (...istan for the sound of applause.)



ADMIRABLE FEET

This ad for a "Bigfoot Scatter Rug" appeared in a one-sheet publication called BIGFOOT IS ALIVE!, published in California. According to the ad, the "Bigfoot Scatter Rug" features a "60-inch reprint of Bigfoot in a soft furry rug for that special room; comes in a variety of colors; machine wash, warm, tumble dry!" The rug, a conversational piece it was there was one, sells for \$4.99 and can be purchased from Tumbler International, Inc., P.O. Box 3311, Beverly Hills, California 90212. If nothing else, it's certainly a giant step in the right direction.

KPRI PRESENTS MORE MIDNITE MADNESS!



DESTROY ALL MONSTERS!
FEB. 14 AT THE KEN CINEMA IN KENNINGTON
FEB. 15 AT THE STRAND THEATRE IN BOSTON
FEB. 16 AT THE RITZ THEATRE IN ESCONDIDO
ALL SEATS ONLY \$2.00

ACTIONFUL ARTWORK

Freelance artist Scott Shaw drew this actionful art for a midnight screening of Toho's all-star monster romp, DESTROY ALL MONSTERS, which doubled with TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD at three theaters in San Diego, California area. Scott assured us that his horrific hand-drawn "throng of ravine Godzilla-like

and process scenes," and who are we to doubt the word of a struggling young monster-oriented artist? A man of many talents, Scott once walked off with a "Most Revolting Costume" award at the 30th Annual World Science Fiction Bazaar in 1972. In fact, not only did he walk off with said award, but he actually WON it as well.

MASS ACHUSETTS MONSTER

This academic Harvard certificate appeared in the February 21 edition of the New York Post and refers to the recent conviction of a Boston doctor on manslaughter charges following the completion of an abortion. Among the case's more suspicious aspects is the fact that the doctor in question is black and the jury that convicted him white, a significant factor in recently troubled Boston, where the incident and subsequent trial took place.

ROCK KING SHOCK



Self-confessed "Shock Rock King" Alice Cooper sent us this endorsement



shot of himself and one of his imaginary pet spiders. After recovering from the frequently hostile receptions that marked his recent Australian tour, Alice spent his time publishing his new LP and upcoming TV special, WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE, a series of "terrific women" set to music and images,

COMICS CULTURE

Then Neal Adams drawing was used to illustrate a recent item about THE SUPERHERO COMIC ART GALLERY appearing in the March 31 edition of THE VILLAGE VOICE. A cultural adjunct to THE SUPERHERO COMIC BOOK EMPORIUM, the GALLERY, run by sometimes MONSTER TIMES contributor Ed Summer, is currently featuring an exhibit of original Neal

Adams cover paintings for titles like BATMAN, SUPERMAN and GREEN LANTERN, a new collection of Tarzan paintings from Ballantine's paperback reprint series, and pages from his early ARCHIE and DEADMAN strips. A visit to EGY GALLERY is a must for any Fun City area comics freak worthy of the name. THE SUPERHERO COMIC ART GALLERY is located at 113 East 86th Street and is open Mondays through Saturdays, noon to 6 p.m. If you feel in need of further info, call Ed at 212 BU 8-6444...and tell 'em TMT made you do it.

EERIE AWARDS

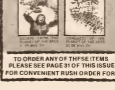
Dr. Donald A. Reed, national president of the Count Dracula Society (a non-profit organization boasting a world-wide membership of some 1,500 souls), recently announced the winners of the 13th Annual Mrs. Ann Radcliffe Awards in Cinema, Television and Literature. In Cinema, William Castle—producer/director of a long list of fright films, including MR. SARCONIS, THE TINGLER, 13 GHOSTS, ROSEMARY'S BABY and SHAKES—received an award honoring his entire creative career. Darren McGavin won the TV award for his work on KOLCHAK: THE NIGHT STALKER and writer Arthur Pennig accepted the literature award for his excellent Bats Lugosi biography, THE Special awards were granted to TV horror host Seymour Chusoff, TMT columnist, designer Jim Humphrey, and producer H. Brown and actor/narrator E.G. Marshall of the CBS MYSTERY THEATER. The awards were given out

this April 5th past at ceremonies conducted at the Alexandria Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. This year's awards presentation theme centered around a tribute to Bela Lugosi. Ray Bradbury served as keynote speaker, while actors William "Bleedie" Marshall, Barry Atwater and John Agar, and director/producer George Pal handed out the awards.



SURREAL TROUSERS

Loyal TMT reader Ron Sapp, of Dover, Delaware, sent us this pinch hit "Buck Rogers trousers" that originally appeared in the Winter issue of Gentlemen's Quarterly. Fair old, they are—but at \$75 a pair we'll stick to our conservative all-white mad doctor slacks.



TO ORDER ANY OF THESE ITEMS
PLEASE SEE PAGE 31 OF THIS ISSUE
FOR CONVENIENT RUSH ORDER FORM



above: film art

If your local TV station has been backward in horror and sci-fi film programming; if your neighborhood theater operator can't quite see the profit in booking **THE AMAZING COLLOSSAL MAN**, if your college film club wants only lugubrious French or Yugoslavian films—in short, if you aren't getting your fair share of monster, science fiction or horror flicks, don't despair: Maelmillan Audio Brandon Films is coming to the rescue with the Transylvanian Catalogue.

The Transylvanian Catalogue is a handsome and intelligent showcase for Maelmillan's large 16mm rental collection of oldies, golden classics and classic bombs from the horror/sci-fi genre. The idea is to rent films to the club, college or think about it to the individual fan. All the films are in 16mm, a good, convenient size for even the smallest school or community center, and the rental prices are surprisingly low for such treasures as **THE BRAIN EATERS** or **THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH**. Some of the best films in the catalogue, **X-THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES**, for example, rent for \$35 for a single showing, while other highly viewable films go for as little as \$27.50. The highest price seems to be \$70 for **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, but the average cost for a long list of fright films is about \$30. Now \$30 is a lot to shell out for one night at the movies. But it is a small price for, say, 15 people who share a perverse interest in the Godzilla cycle and who could score once a week in a club or friendly living room to see the films of their choice. What this catalogue offers is a way for the horror/sci-fi buff to choose from an extensive list of fright films and thereby eliminate the theater owners, TV programmers and other important people who otherwise control what you watch and when you watch it. With the Transylvanian Catalogue in hand, you can see the **SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** when you want to, for \$27.50.

GOOD TURN

FOR TERROR FANS
Maelmillan has done the horror/sci-fi film community a good turn by compiling an impressive list of films, both old and

The Transylvanian Catalogue



Catalogue provides production credits, year of release and a short, well-written plot synopsis in case you don't already know the film. There are lots of titles in the catalogue, so it's fun to leaf through, even if film rental isn't your goal. In the "Science Fiction" section, for example, there are some delectable selections, ranging from **THE EVIL BRAIN FROM OUTER SPACE** (1959) to Ib Melchior's **THE TIME TRAVELLERS** (1954). In "Beasts" we are treated to most of the favorites, including the Japanese bestiary of Godzilla and friends, **JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS** (1963) is there, along with **SINBAD**, the **VALLEY OF GWANGI**, and **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** (1953), the last a must for Harryhausen fans. Naturally, there is a section devoted to "Bats and Bloodsuckers," star-

ting wisdom. One of the "Films You've Always Heard About But Were Afraid To See," serves up the dread, Z pictures capable of convulsing any audience of horror fans. The other section gives us just the opposite, a representative sample of the work of Roger Corman, an important director whose films have since been widely recognized.

CREATURE CAMP

In "Films You've Always Heard About etc.," one gets a chance to select from a group of films so bad, so weak in plot, character, direction and technical skill that they transcended mere "badness" to become something unique—the camp movie. Every sci-fi or horror devotee understands the delights offered by films of this kind. They offer relief to the overlooked critical senses. Since they exist without any critical attributes at all, they allow the viewer to relax in the decadent enjoyment of pure insanity—no thoughts, no message, no ark, just junk for the fun of it. With such towering monuments to cinematic ineptitude as **BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA** (1966), the imitable **PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE** (1959), which features the last pathetic screen appearance of Bela Lugosi, or the unbelievable **DE SADE** (1969) to choose from, the creative film renter can put together an hilarious evening for any group of open-minded viewers.

On the other pole of movie craftsmanship are the films of Roger Corman, who has finally won an aboveground reputation by virtue of a massive output of fascinating (and highly influential) films. The Maelmillan assortment allows a club or serious student access to a wide range of Corman's work, including such

non-fright efforts as **OKLAHOMA WOMAN** (1960) and **THE YOUNG RACERS** (1963). Naturally enough, the Catalogue focuses on that part of Corman's work that falls into the sci-fi or horror genre, and includes such gems as **GAS-S-S!** (1970), and the dazzling **X-THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES** (1960). Corman directed a score of films during his career, most of them quickies, for he was known as a dick band with a small budget. But as the films piled up, Corman began to emerge as a serious

hood organizations as well. With the right approach, it should be possible to get next to the right projector and find someone who can operate it properly. The last point is important, because the person who rents the film is responsible for its safe return, so don't attempt to run a film across the street as a propositionist, who knows what he or she is doing. It isn't hard to learn, by the way, but don't practice on rented films.

Secondly, you'll have to stick to the rental agreement, for Maelmillan (like every other film distributor) has certain rules. You must agree not to advertise the film showing in any form (competition for local movie houses, you see) and you aren't allowed to charge admission to the film unless (this is important, so sit up and stop chowing) unless it is to defray the cost of rental. What this means is that you can't advertise the film in the town newspaper, show it to 300 people in the school gym, charge them each \$2.00 and still expect to pay Maelmillan \$37.50. They'll want a higher price, or a piece of the gross, if you are planning to go into the theater business. However, it is perfectly legal to ask each of the dozen or so Godzilla fans who show up in your living room to chip in \$2.00 or so to help pay for the rental. All this is clearly explained in the Catalogue and Maelmillan would be glad to answer any questions you have about rights and procedures for film rentals. Also, you'll have to place your order for films well in advance of intended show dates, for some of them are in great demand—don't expect to get **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** on a week's notice.

You'll also have to agree to take care of the film, to send it back immediately after showing and to mail it properly insured and labeled. Again, Maelmillan will provide complete instructions and all these legal niceties are simple—they really amount to nothing but common sense handling of a piece of valuable property that doesn't belong to you. Each of the Transylvanian Catalogues comes with a simple order blank and full instructions, so even if you've never rented a film before, don't be afraid. There are other distributors who handle fright material, notably Films Incorporated in Wilmette, Illinois. But Maelmillan deserves some praise, and maybe support, for catering directly to the horror fan in a catalogue that is both informative and useful. You can order it from Maelmillan Audio Brandon Films, 34 Macmillan Avenue, Parkwood, Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550. It costs a dollar and is a bargain at that, but they'll send it free to customers.

Bela Lugosi, Peter Lorre, Vincent Price and Robert Raven share light-bathed moment in a scene from **THE BRAIN EATERS**, one of many Roger Corman films included in THE TRANSYLVANIAN CATALOGUE



Gary Conway & Whit Bissell in **WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN**, one of many camp classics available from Maelmillan Audio Brandon Films

new, into an easily handled catalogue. There are twelve categories or sections in the Transylvanian, items such as "Beasts," "The Occult," "Genre Classics," and "Science Fiction" to choose from, and, while some films figure in more than one category, the groupings are generally thoughtful and obviously done by people well-versed in the sinister subject. The

ring you know which Count from episode of the Rhine, in many of his incarnations, from Carl Dreyer's 1932 **VAMPIRE** to Hammer's excellent **HORROR OF DRACULA** (1958), starting the dynamic duo of Cushing and Lee.

Two of the categories in the Transylvanian Catalogue deserve some special mention, and a word of congratulations to Maelmillan Audio Brandon for



True Scream Confessions.

The ONLY Magazine That Takes You INSIDE The PRIVATE LIVES Of Your Favorite FRIGHT FILM STARS!

"Monsters Are Our Business Our ONLY Business"

50 Yen



HONEYMOON IN TOKYO!

"We Burned Our Bridges Behind Us"

See Mothra

"This time it's for keeps." This solemn affirmation of love and devotion was delivered by none other than the great Godzilla, as the dashing, proud-as-punch reptile paused in mid-swipe at a skyscraper in Tokyo's torrid Ginza district. To demonstrate the seriousness of his pledge, he reached up and seized the blushing Mothra, his bride of a mere afternoon, and delivered a loud, smacking kiss squarely between her trembling feelers.

"Oh, it's so good," squeaked the lovely, breathless Mothra. "I'm happier than I ever dreamed I'd be when I started my career. They discovered me hanging in a cocoon under a drugstore soda counter, you know. Just another pretty wing-pattern, everybody thought. Another fly-by-night candle-chaser, soon to be consumed in the brief flame of movie-star fame. And Godzilla was... Well, he was Mr. Scream Cinema itself! But now here we are. Married. I showed them. I showed them all! They won't..."

The triumphant bride's excited chatter was rudely interrupted by a fusillade of heavy artillery fire from a battery which had been

hastily implanted in a narrow side street. "Noisy celebrity hunters!" snorted Godzilla, bashing in the side of a ten-story office building so that the roof cascaded down gaily onto the heads of the onlookers in the alley. A stray molding bounced twenty feet in the air and squashed two reporters in the cordoned-off press area at Godzilla's feet, lending your True Scream Confessions reporter a chance to bellow up a question.

Mothra, hovering protectively over her new baby as a double spray of bright tracer bullets arced down from a Japanese fighter jet at 3 o'clock, was asked if she meant now to give up her movie career and settle down to housekeeping.

"Oh, I don't think that'll be necessary," she hummed. "My Godzy here makes enough money. I don't think he'll feel threatened if his poor little wifkins brings home a few Yen on her own. Will on mind dwindle! Snaky-poo!"

"This is the era of Women's Liberation," smiled Godzilla, absent by bashing in a double-decker tourist bus with his tail. "I think all women should be let work if they want to. Within good taste, though. If they

wanted her to do a nude scene with that Gamera, now." His voice drowned under the redoubled blare of screams and ambulance sirens.

"Don't pay any attention to this jealous leg," giggled Mothra when the noise died down. "All that business with that upstart ham Rodon was strictly for publicity. Why, I hardly know the guy..."

"Rodon!" barked Godzilla, belching a spout of flame that ignited the wing-tip tanks on another approaching jet and sent it pinwheeling colorfully out over the harbor like a giant Roman candle. "What's this Rodon business? I thought it was just Gamera, you was fooling around with before!"

"Oh, Godzy, come on!" exclaimed Mothra angrily. "Let's not have our first spat on our honeymoon night, not right in front of all these reporters! And anyway, I told you I hardly even knew the guy..."

The press conference broke up shortly thereafter, when Mothra alight on Godzilla's shoulder for a happy newlywed shot, and the street collapsed into the subway under their combined tonnage. Godzilla's Japanese agent, Hypomene Beerstein, arched through the rubble to distribute publicity handouts to the surviving press. These revealed that the happy twosome had been hitched in a simple Shinto ceremony on a secluded radioactive island in the South Pacific, and had flown back to tear up Tokyo on their honeymoon.

"Remember," roared Godzilla as the happy couple took off for their bridal cavern. "This time it's for keeps!" By Wrecks Reed

"TWO HUNNY" WORK?-- RODAN

By Walter Winchpin

I'll never last." This cynical opinion on the probability of a long and happy marriage between Godzilla and Mothra was expressed by her old flame, Rodan. Remember, fans, True Scream Confessions had it first! When contacted at his desert ranches in the breath-taking Sea of Bolshoyev Revolution on the dark side of the Moon, the craggy handsome, sullen Rodan seemed still to be stunned after the sudden and unexpected loss of his True Love to filmstar's most ferocious superstar.

"It will fall apart," Rodan predicted, "because Godzilla just doesn't have what it takes to keep up with her. Believe me, I know!" he exclaimed, wearing an expression which might have been taken for heartache and chagrin in a warm blooded creature. "She'll run him ragged. I give it a couple years, tops, before he either tosses her out or has a heart attack. There's just too much bounce in that little heavy for a big, slow, solid guy like Godzilla."

"Oh, she's a party girl, she is," Rodan went on, his eyes—one after the other—flashing over with the charisma of reminiscence. "What's going to happen when she takes it into her head at four in the morning to just get up and fly down to Kyushu and rip up a



split-level tract project? What if there's another big weekend forest fire in Siberia, and she wants to go out and spend six hours straight flying crazy in and out of the flames? He's not gonna go for that. I give it a year, Lord!"

Efforts to probe Rodan for confirmation of certain rumors circulating about his own late "fling" with the lovely Mothra were unavailing. Look, I don't want people to say their marriage fell apart because of my bad-mouthing," he stated. "I don't want to have to say 'I told you so' afterward. I don't want her mourning around, remembering certain smoozers over lookalikes with the flames and smoke mingling with the evening mist, and the soft spring air alive with screams and air-raid sirens. I'd just rather not talk about all that."

Remember, True Scream Confessions had it first! □

INCREDIBLE INGENUES

BEAUTIFUL, BRAINY & BRODDIGNAN



Top executives at Maykamt Shados in Tokyo are wildly enthusiastic about their latest starlet, Marilyn Monstress—and for good reason. Beautiful, sweet Marilyn (144 cm tall, 25 x 25 cm x 52 cm) got carried away during the shooting of Maykamt's BELLOPHORON MEETS AZAZEL, when told by the director to bash in a steel suspension bridge, artistically

minded Marilyn went further and wasted a half-mile of shoreline watercourses and docks, sank three tankers and a pleasure yacht, and ate an entire fleet of lightboats. "We got footage we can splice her into four different movies," rejoiced Shados' agent, Hypomene Beerstein. "Yes sir, this talented little doll is really moving now. Off the shooting set, though, Marilyn is something of an intellectual. Her interests include... Homer in the original Greek ("Especially the part about the Cyclops, she lights romanticism and heroism to second-hand Yarker Stadium public-address system. As for how like, she considers herself quite the old-fashioned girl, and fondly denounces all those nasty rumors about herself and Godzilla. 'He's sweet,' she admits, 'but I'm saving myself for my first true love—the portrait of Abraham Lincoln on Mount Rushmore. Tough luck, fellows

GRUESOME TWOSOME ON THE ROCKS? *Kawna Bareit*

Hold on tight for a LATE FLASH from TSC's Celebrity Center, folks! It seems that all is not WELL between the so-called "PARTNERS" in the Monster Match of the Century! I'm not naming NAMES, mind you, but a certain TALL, TERRIBLE TYRANNOSAUR has been seeing less and less of his EVER-LOVING LEPIDOPTERA!

Talk began to spread immediately after their BANG-UP HONEYMOON in a certain capital city which shall go unnamed—at least until considerable RECONSTRUCTION work is finished, so that you can RECOGNIZE the place again. Ty hev'n's sake! TALK, I say, began to go around that the 2000-lb HUBBY in question was loath to give up his Old Ways, if you get my DRIFT...

"OLD WAYS," that is, that include ROARING around the countryside playing TAG with army trucks and getting HIGH off swallowing whole oil-laden supertankers, and then flying into a DRUNKEN RAGE and assaulting innocent hamelets and villages. Nothing particularly SINFUL about it, I'm sure, but HARDLY the sort of conduct you'd expect from a MARRIED MAN!

These reports were more or less CONFIRMED, to my way of thinking, when a certain TSC columnist contorted this GREAT GREEN GIGOLE as he was ducking into a cozy out-of-the-way New Zealand VOLCANO, with some newly-arrived little piece of monster-fluff (see "Incredible Ingenuities," next page—initiate M.M.) hanging ADORINGLY on his forehead! When I asked him where MOTH—pardon me, his BRIDE—might be this evening, the only RESPONSE was a FOUL OBSCENITY that cringed my \$150 PARIS WIG and left me WRITING with second-degree burns! I ask you, is that the reaction of a DEDICATED HUSBAND?

Of course the real TRAGEDY in the situation is visited upon the TRUSTING WIFE! The news from their ARCTIC HIDEAWAY is sparse and incomplete, but DEW-LINE RADAR reports picking up a MOTH-SHAPED BLIP night after night, flying round and round the NORTH POLE. Brooding, no doubt, soulfully upon times gone by, opportunities wasted, old faces and WARM WORDS from a certain understanding Pterodactyl.... But there, I talk too much, don't I?

By Alestair Cowbar

EXCLUSIVE TO TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS GODZILLA Off-Camera



Horrorom's hottest heck-raiser
harbors soft spot for finer things.

FLM'DOM'S BIG "TOUGH GUY" IS REALLY AN OLD SOFTIE!

There I stood, quivering right down to my Sassy rewind knob, in the very shadow of the Great Green Gruesome Gah, Devastations scores from DE-STROY ALL MONSTERS and GODZILLA VS. THE THING spun through my head like instant replays of the Johnstown Flood, and as I stepped cautiously within range of the world-famous Dragon's Breath, I was sorely tempted to go back to reviewing science fiction books for THE MONSTER TIMES. "Pardon me, Mr. Godzilla," I quaked, "I'm here for an interview..."

"Why, do sit down, sweet boy," bade the gravely voice, something like the sleepy subterranean rumble of a subsiding volcano. Idly drawing the embroidered hem of his floral pattern dressing gown down to cover a sleek knee the shape of a Toyota Land Rover, he gestured with a tank-like claw toward a chaise longue exactly like his own, only twenty times smaller.

"I suppose," he began, after a cool sip of frothy high-octane Desquar from a crystal goblet, "you'll want to know about my private life. They all do," he sighed. Behind the slightly pensive



I could hear the nearby strains of Vivaki's Concerto Flute & Violin Concerto #5 for Venetian Schoolgirls.

"Well, what True Scream Confessions really wants to know, right now," I stuttered, "are the details of your recent break-up with your bride, Mother."

"I beg your pardon," he rumbled politely. "With whom?"

"Why, uh, Mother. It's the lead story in TSC this month, right over on the facing page. Your quackie marriage: your new son, the divorce..."

"Ah, that business," he laughed, igniting the top ten feet of a nearby

sycamore, "Don't tell me you believed all that, young fellow. Why, I barely even know the girl! Come now, surely you know—aah, I believe the term is 'studio hype'—when you see one."

"You mean...it's all a big put-on? You really didn't rip up downtown Tokyo on your honeymoon?"

"Ah, just so," he sighed, baring his scythe-sized fangs in what I took to be a private smile, "ex. I suppose it's difficult to abstract the real person from the writer of publicity and Image. God, yes, Image: everyone seems to think me some kind of a fire-breathing dragon, thanks to the Image. Ah, the Public," he growled benevolently, and seemed to lapse a moment into a mild teosor, or reptilian meditation.

"Well, you have to admit," I ventured, "in most of your roles you play a pretty hard bitten character."

"Ah, just so," he chuckled, shaking the entire fangs in his ivory festooned Monster Island maw. "And that's how they think of me, and who could blame them? Actually, of course, I don't mind admitting to you—here he patted my knee affectionately, leaving a scar I'll carry to the grave—"actually I'm just an old fogey, you know. I'm hardly the sort of character who tips over clock-towers and tears up high-tension wires in his teeth, my me! Certainly not without a solid 8 month contract plus residuals, love."

He smiled again, so broadly that the flock of sparrows clinging the taster from between his teeth took panicked flight. "I must admit I rather enjoy the ah—motaricity, though. It's surely better than chasing four-foot dragon-things back in some sordid, Pterodactyl-infested Triassic jungle. Come, dear, I'd have to show you my little garden: I've just cultivated a glorious new strain of brilliantly-colored, right-foot tall Gambel Fungus—only eight feet tall in some sort, I'm afraid. Oh, and in the aquarium I've just acquired a brace of the rarest Amazonian Electric Lampreys: just wait till you see them in black light! And my Pet Hippogriff, Creon, will

(Cont. on pg. 118)



Cute but confusing feline of unsavory miscreant creon, studies last astrological analyses.

A SASSY BFF!!!

LAST MINUTE BULLETIN from TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS: Astrological reporter, Zoroaster X. Empyrion:

At 2:15 EST last Saturday morning, a 150-lb. egg was hatched to Mathia, wife of the award-winning superstar Godzilla. The offspring delivered itself on the south side of a glacial moraine at 70° N, 54° E on the surface of the planet Mars, where the couple had retired in an effort to patch up their stormy marriage.

Admittedly, the peculiar locale of the birth of this youngster, as yet unnamed himself, considerably complicated the casting of his chart. The Sun, for example, was in the constellation Orion; Phobos was in transit between the Pelaeides and the Southern Cross, and Demos passed through 120° of Zodiac while the newborn was still gnawing through his shell. The Native appears to be ruled by the asteroid Eris and what is MOST confusing, our very own planet Earth was in direct opposition to the Sun, and I have as yet been unable to uncover any astrological precedent for working with such a placement.

Stay tuned to future issues

of TSC as we work to figure this one out. (Any reader possessing a Martian ephemeris should contact us without delay!) As to the parents, Godzilla was heard to remark, while Mathia was still sitting on the egg, "This will take care of everything. It'll really bring us together again." However, the strain of the long incubation seemed to tell on the delicate mother, for no sooner had the child poked its head into daylight than she flew off "to recuperate" on the dark side of the Moon. "I want to be alone," she told her husband, who stomped off himself in a huff in the general direction of Uranus. Whether this blessed event will truly share up their celebrated differences remains to be seen.

As for the newborn offspring, of indeterminate sex, its present location is also a mystery: when it first opened its eyes, it "imprinted" on a strange Martian animal with blue fur and a bright yellow comb, and followed it happily down a hole.

BURPED TO THE TOP

Pulchritudinous and petite (2/3 m. tall, 4.6 cm. x 2.3 cm. x 4.6 cm.), little Patsy Neely can hardly believe her good fortune in suddenly gaining top billing in Raykin Studios' soon-to-be-released major epic, **GARGANTUA MEETS PANTAGREUL**. Lucky Patsy actually signed onto the flick as understudy and stunt girl for the famous headline star Lita Lilliput, but was catapulted into instant stardom when the lead monster mistook a mimosa bush under which Miss Lilliput was napping for a tossed salad, so that Patsy had to take over the role. "You might say I was launched straight to the top in one burp," giggled Patsy. An already-accomplished horror-movie crowd-victim, Patsy is certain she can fill the late Lita's size-1/4 slippers; she can shiver with all the volume of a full-grown woman, turn pale and swoon at the drop of a hat, and is especially adept at running forward full tilt over broken ground while looking back over her shoulder with an expression of terror. Great days ahead for this pint-sized package of talent!

INCREDIBLE INGENUES



Fay Wray localizes Fay Ray coddles King Kong doll in publicity shot from Kong's first feature. Film's due out "shortly," but there'll be no breath-holding around the TSC office.

KING KONG'S FIRST FILM

By Wireless T. Rewrite

"All quiet on the set."

Quiet? No sooner does the camera begin to hum than the stillness in the drafty old cavern-like studio is rent with the howl of a tornado, the crash and tear of splintering wood, the thunder of avalanche boulders and—yes—the unearthly shrieks of terrified monsters. The rear of the ramshackle set is occupied by an enormous rear-projection screen, upon which looms and jerks the image of a woman, shot from an angle that makes her look forty stories tall. In her hands she brandishes a stuffed King Kong doll, shaking and mauling it brutally while she bellows at it with a voice

seemingly loud enough to carry five miles down the camera pans slowly to the immediate foreground, where a pair of second-string Japanese movie-monster extras are running on a treadmill, looking over their shoulders and screaming in horror.

"I know it doesn't look that convincing while it's still in production," the director—King Kong—tells me later. "I just haven't got the budget to do location shooting. You don't know how hard it's been. I've been in the movie racket for 50-odd years, y'know, with top billing in who knows how many flicks. But did I see any money on it? Pennies, that's

what I saw. It's that Beerstein character, my agent. Sure he got me some fat contracts, but I did all the work, while he got all the loot. Every stinking penny. I'm lucky I put a few grand away while he wasn't looking or I'd still be up there on top of the Empire State Building swatting it bitches. You got no idea how hard it's been. Just to break that lousy contract I had to go into retirement, believe it or not, so now I can't work. Not even in my own flick. You ever hear of such a thing? Hold it. I got to set out this stack of 11-59 reduced tract houses for the next scene."

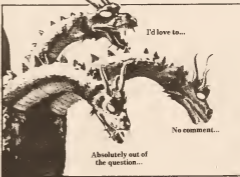
While Kong was putting around the set, I briefly interviewed his leading lady, Fay Ray, who is actually only 3'8" tall. "Aw, it's all done with mirrors or something," she told me, her Bronx accent straining effortfully through a sizeable clot of Doublemint. "I don't ask no questions. I just do what they tell me. The name of the flick is Terror on Monster Island. I think, or maybe Escape From The Planet Of The Humans, I dunno. I sure hope I get paid for it, though, this operation looks pretty shaky to me."

Before shooting the next scene, in which Fay bakes a Godzilla casserole in a 50'-high Radar Range, Kong summed up his first feature film for me: "It's an artistic statement, communicating the alienation and despair of a sensitive human trapped in a world of monsters," he explained. "Call it your universal wish-fulfillment fantasy. A beautiful girl carries off a monster into the jungle. She really loves him, although of course he can't begin to understand her. And there's this rescue party of other monsters who go after the girl to rescue him, and maybe bring her back to civilization, and—well, it's got a dynamite ending, but you'll have to wait until it gets released."

But with all due respect to the great King Kong, I came away suspecting that it might be a long, long wait indeed. □

GHIDRAH

MULTI-MINDED MONSTER



Of all the screen stars TSC has had the privilege of meeting over the years, Ghidrah, that two-winged, three-headed titan of terror film fame, remains the most enigmatic. Reports of the popular creature's current activities have been conflicting; to say the least, with Ghidrah himself/selves issuing practically simultaneous statements that he was (a) set to star in a three-picture package at Turnayen Studios, (b) going into temporary seclusion to pen his autobiography, and (c) retiring permanently. The proud but cryptic creature, on an infrequent forlough from his native Mars, recently visited Japan's scenic Mount Fuji for a bit of "Bandit," and this TSC reporter was fortunate enough to corner the troubled star in an effort to clear up this monstrous mystery.

TSC:
Is there any truth to the rumor that you've just signed a three-picture pact with Turnayen Studios?

GHIDRAH:
Yes.
Not at this point in time.
None whatsoever.

TSC:
It's also reached our ears that you plan to write your autobiography and have in fact already been approached by several major

publishers. Is there any substance to this report?

GHIDRAH:
Not at this point in time.
Yes.
None whatsoever.

TSC:
Well then, is there any validity to the allegation that you plan to go into permanent retirement?

GHIDRAH:
None whatsoever.
Not at this point in time.
Yes.

Remember: You heard it first in TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS.



"THIS TIME SHE'S BACK FOR KEEPS," swears prehistoric hero Rodan as he and winsome co-star Mothra pay EXCLUSIVE VISIT to "TSC" editorial offices. Newly-reunited monsterland lovers declared that Mothra's erstwhile marriage to Godzilla was definitely a thing of the past. "Godzy and I are just good friends now," revealed Mothra. "Actually we never were anything more than that. Poor old Godzy, I think he was just keeping me around, really, to recapture the vanished feeling of youth... Do you know he doesn't really even fly? He just takes long jumps, that's all. I had to move back to someone more my own speed—and that's definitely Rodan." Watch for FURTHER DETAILS in next issue of TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS. □

STANDARD MONSTER APPLICATION FORM 1717

Don Fioto,
Office of Personnel

The Monster Times

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MONSTER APPLICATION FORM

1. NAME: (nickname, title of species or catalogue listing).....

2. ADDRESS: (include city, state, country, planet and galaxy of origin).....

3. PHONE/COMMUNICATOR.....

4. AGE: (give terran years, millenia, stardate or comparable time unit).....

5. SEX: (if applicable).....

6. HEIGHT: (use metric system if possible).....

7. WEIGHT: (solid, liquid or gaseous state?).....

8. SHAPE: (check one) Normal ☐
Abnormal ☐ Grotesque ☐ Unnatural ☐
Indescribable ☐ Other (explain in Item 27)

9. Do you have more or less than the usual number of any of the following? (check)
Heads ☐ Tails ☐ Arms ☐ Legs ☐
Eyes ☐ Ears ☐ Fingers ☐ Toes ☐
Brains ☐ Other

10. LANGUAGES SPOKEN: English ☐
Japanese ☐ Romulan ☐ Creature ☐

11. DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: Do you have scales, claws, talons, ears, electrodes, horns, warts, acne or dandruff?.....

12. ABILITIES: Can you do any of the following? (check) Breathe fire ☐ Fly ☐
Give off radiation ☐ Ooze slime ☐ Dissolve flesh, metal stone or other materials ☐
Destroy buildings, towns, cities, countries, continents ☐ Absorb energy ☐
Become invisible ☐ Change shape or appearance ☐ Possess bodies/souls ☐
Control minds ☐ Bring to life the dead or inanimate objects ☐ Cast spells ☐ Draw comics ☐

13. EXPERIENCE: List anything in your life that you feel qualifies you to become a monster. Include past jobs such as evil assistant, hunchback, starship captain, alien invader, convention chairman or politician. Also mention anything you have destroyed, conquered or created.
Use Item 27.

14. What, if any, is your trademark?.....

15. Are you impervious to any weapons? List them.....

16. Have you ever rampaged through Tokyo? How many times? Why? (Be specific).....

17. If you have ever starred in, or been the subject of, a film(s) or television show(s), list them here. Also list any books or magazines based on you or mentioning you in any way. Use Item 27 if nec.....

18. Has a plastic model kit ever been designed in your likeness?.....

19. Are you affiliated with N.A.A.M.E. (National Association for the Advancement of Monsters Everywhere), M.L.F. (Monster Liberation Front), or any other organization? Give I.D. and Local number.....

20. Have you ever been convicted of a serious offense? Describe fully.....

21. Do you pledge to defend and uphold the MONSTER'S BILL OF RIGHTS (see TMT #24) and do everything in your power(s) to aid and support monsters everywhere?.....

22. Do you support Godzilla for President in 1976?.....

23. Are any of your relatives monsters, or have they been monsters at anytime during the past five years?.....

24. List four monsters, other than relatives, as references.

| NAME | ADDRESS |
|---------|---------|
| a. | |
| b. | |
| c. | |
| d. | |

25. Name three beautiful women you have threatened or carried off in the past year.....

26. If you are granted the status of monster, which of the six subcategories would you prefer to be listed under? A. Mad scientist and creations ☐ B. Dinosaurs and mutated reptiles ☐ C. Aliens ☐ D. Supernaturals ☐ E. Plant/animal monsters ☐ F. Human/humanoid, robots and androids ☐

27. Use this item for long or detailed answers. Be specific.....

OPTIONAL: Be advised that the following question is optional. Refusal to answer it will in no way affect the consideration of your application. Explain, in less than one hundred words, scrawls or intergalactic symbols, your reasons for wanting to become a monster.....

Your application will be processed and you will be notified of a decision within 30 days. Please be advised that you will be called within that time for a personal interview, and may be required to take an intelligence test. Thank you for applying and good luck!



Forward this completed application to:
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THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK

BY JOE KANE

It has been pointed out by concerned readers that we at TMT have granted only spotty coverage to the recent rash of made-for-TV terror films that have been crowding the airwaves of late. Actually, in most cases, said spotty coverage can be fairly interpreted as a policy of benign neglect, for some of the TV-tailored fright films (particularly those aired on ABC) rank among the worst horror efforts we've ever witnessed and that, as any regular reader of this publication knows, is going pretty far. While the majority of these epics are eminently forgettable, one that caught our occasionally jaundiced editorial eye—THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK—was so atrocious that we just couldn't pass it by. TMT Editor Joe Kane's carefully considered critique of that disaster begins here...

Not only is THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK the worst werewolf we've seen in many a full moon, but he's apparently incapable of taking a little constructive criticism as well, as he reaches out here to snare sign held out by a much more exemplary lycanthrope. Unwashed is THE WOLFMAN.

followed by an announcer analyzing the just-concluded event after most of the half million participants have departed. The film or rather videotape—it's another of those cardboard WIDE WORLD MYSTERY outings then cuts to the interior of a nearby house where a crude hardhat-type happens to be watching that seltsame announcer on TV. We immediately know where this character is at when we see him not only curdle a can of beer but crush the empty can afterwards, a habit, as anyone who saw JOE knows, engaged in only by martioluate right-wing charlie.

Well, as we've already surmised, this guy doesn't go for these Woodstock kids or their music at all and, muttering something about "miserable freaks," sets out in search of errant hippies to terrorize. Stalking about the festival site, he makes his way to the abandoned stage where, in the only decent shoot in the entire show, he promptly grabs a live wire, electrocutes himself and somehow it's explained in the script but so badly and boringly that you won't get me to repeat it here! turns into the lycanthrope of the title.

Cut to zany hippie rock band making plans to head for Woodstock where, as part of some sort of media stunt, they intend to have themselves photographed on the very same

abandoned stage that inadvertently did in the belicose hardhat. Within two minutes of their initial appearance, the members of the band run through every word and phrase in the Hollywood freak dictionary, circa 1967, from "up front" to "far out," though somehow managing to neglect "groovy." At any rate, they wind their way to Woodstock where a rash of violent, mysterious killings have recently broken out. Various local authorities are quick to assign the blame to unidentified demented hippies, but visiting detectives Michael Parks and Meredith MacIaine believe that the sinister slayings are actually the work of a—dare they say it?—werewolf. More killings and atrocious dialogue ensue before the werewolf is discovered and dispatched via loud doses of bad rock music supplied by the band.

LIFELESS LYCANTHROPE

With a bit more effort or talent on the parts of scriptwriters Hank Sarkey and Bill Lee, THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK might have been intentionally funny, rather than unintentionally unfunny, and a bit easier for all to bear. As it happened, though, the script was delivered to director John Moffitt D.O.A., and THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK can comfortably take its place among the very worst fright epics ever made. Unlike earlier rip-offs of the "counterculture"—particularly AIP '60s "psychedelic" shockers like MARYJANE, THE HALLUCINATION GENERATION and RIOT ON SUNSET STRIP with their dumb but spirited "acid" nightmare sequences—THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK isn't even invested with the kind of absurd energy that made those films stupid, terrible, perhaps even dangerously misleading, but rarely boring.

In addition to its lifeless script, inept makeup work and ear-curdling score, THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK drove normally capable actors into turning in performances so weary and embarrassed that all but the most heartless viewers were moved not only to boredom but pity as well. Tigie Andrews, in the title role, has only a few lines, while all Ann Doran as his worried wife is called upon to do is look upon a stormy sky, wring her hands and shudder and sigh. Michael Parks' entranced expressions and ill-articulated delivery well befitted the ridiculous lines he's given. The scenes have the look of being done sans retakes which, what with TV movies' notoriously short shooting schedules, may have very well been the case.

And speaking of lines, there's one in THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK that has to rank as a prime contender for all-time cryptic utterance honors. When a doctor (played by ex-CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT Richard Webb) talks to that, detective Harold J. Stone shakes his head and chuckles, "We're too old to remember the old days."

Great!
Cunt!
Funt!

THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK (TV-14, ABC-TV). Directed by John Moffitt. Teleplay by Hank Sarkey and Bill Lee. Executive Producer: Dick Clark. Starring Michael Parks, Meredith MacIaine, Tigie Andrews.

Oliver Reed, lycanthropic star of Hammer's CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF, is also outrageously impressed by the witless antics of ABC-TV's werewolf.

W can only imagine the giddy glee that pervaded the conference room at the ABC-TV headquarters when an added, doubtlessly overworked scriptwriter hit network execs with a brief outline bearing the holdiddered legend, THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK. That such was anything but a far-out title and dynamic idea was simply not within the confines of the question. Why, all that remained was to have said scriptwriter get down to the sober business of knocking out a script to conform to that of trevando title. As it turned out, that little problem was never solved, but the project proceeded undaunted, and everyone involved in the resultant travesty should have his hair pulled out, one by one, be he lycanthrope or not, beginning with executive producer Dick Clark, who already has more than his fair share of cinematic sins to answer for.

RIGHT-WING WEREWOLF
THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK opens with brief stock footage scenes from the actual 1969 Woodstock Music Fair (which actually transpired on Max Yasgur's farm near Watkins Glen, some 50 miles from the town of Woodstock),

Gentle...
Hippies say dey like woman, but don't trust nobody over thirty.
Duh... what happens if dey meet a woman over thirty, huh?
Gentle...

THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK (Tigie Andrews) carries off hapless rock singer (Belinda Balasko) in what was undoubtedly intended as a pathetic scene from that made-for-TV opus. Imitated fright film fans have executive producer Dick Clark, of AMERICAN BANDSTAND fame, to thank for bringing this lycanthrope loser to the horror home screen.



THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN

"I became an instant celebrity—a freak!"

1 "The almost unbelievable story of Robert Scott Caray began on a very ordinary summer day. I am Robert Scott Caray. My wife, Louise, and I were spending our vacation in a boat that my brother had loaned us. A few days before we were scheduled to return home, a strange-looking man passed by the vessel. Louise was at the cabin at the time, but I was lashed in sleep, glowering pictures from the mysterious cloud. This incident puzzled me. But I soon forgot about it."



2 "Six months later, I began to notice some very odd things. It seemed as though the cleaners kept mixing up my clothes with those of a larger man. Nothing lit properly. Even my delicately-manufactured shirts were loose on me. Louise thought that I was losing weight, and asked her to put up a bathroom scale. I was very worried about my sudden change in dimensions, and I wondered if the pest that I had encountered while on my vacation had anything to do with it."



3 "When I finally went to see a doctor about my condition, he helped to confirm my greatest fear—that I WAS SHRINKING! According to two measurements, I was only 5'11" tall. But I had been 6'11" since I was seventeen years old! In addition, I had lost nearly ten pounds in the past few weeks! Of course, he wouldn't agree with this scientific impossibility at first. Two weeks later, though, he had no other choice. His X-rays proved, without a doubt, that I was indeed getting smaller every day."

6 "After awhile, I could no longer stand the crowds that daily besieged my house. We were plagued by curiously unknown, small, colored news items about me. I was sick of it all, and one night I ran away from the whole sorry scene. During my subsequent wanderings, I came upon a carnival. There, I met a very pretty fortune teller, who was even shorter than I was. We became good friends."



4 "A series of intensive tests was begun at the California Research Institute. After three weeks, the results showed that the molecular structure of my body's cells had been somehow restricted. The effect was an incredible diminution of all my organs, proportionally. With the help of the chief scientist, we pieced it all together. Two months before, I had been accidentally sprayed with some mescaline. The strange cloud, which had apparently been radioactive, had changed the mescaline's atomic germ spray into a substance that reversed my growth process."



7 "The woman, who resembled me a great deal, Louise, helped me to adjust to my predicament. She taught me that it wasn't so bad being in a world of oversized things. For the first time since the nightmare began, I was not afraid. My bitterness subsided, particularly because my shrinking seemed to have stopped for a while. We were happy together, but one evening I noticed that she was suddenly taller than me. I ran away again, horrified by the knowledge that I was again growing smaller!"



5 "I continued to shrink, despite everything that the doctors tried to halt or reverse the process. Louise was at my side in those difficult days. At one point, I approached her with an offer of separation or divorce. She stated that as long as I had my wedding ring on, we'd be together, then the ring fell off! When Charlie—my brother and neighbor—ran into financial trouble and found himself unable to continue paying my salary, I told my story to the newspapers. I became an instant celebrity—a freak! The Incredible Shrinking Man!"



9 "Each day I thought: perhaps tomorrow the doctors will cure me. Louise stayed by me, in spite of all her torment. Then, one night, something changed for the worse. Louise was out shopping, and somehow our very own pet cat got back into the house. The hungry creature leaped out and headed straight for my tiny abode. I heard it scratching at the door, and I couldn't imagine what was making the noise. Apparently, I opened the door and was confronted by a giant monster—a cat!"

10 "My attacker howled in anger when I opened the door in its face. I grabbed a miniature knife for protection, and prayed that I would not have to use it. I knew that I would probably die if I had to fight the feline. When was Louise? My frantic brain asked. What was keeping her? In my attempt to shake my opponent, I did not notice that I was backing into an open window. The cat was there, and I managed to scratch my back with its sharp claws!"



8 "Within a short time, I was no larger than a doll. In fact, I lived in a two-story doll house that Louise got for me and set up on the main floor of our own home. Every day it was worse—every day a little smaller. And every day I became more tyrannical—more merciless—in my disposition. Of course, Heaven knows how she lived through those weeks. Only I had the power to release her. If I could have found the courage to end my wretched existence."

.....The Incredible Shrinking Man!"

12 My return to consciousness was a plunge into a new level of pain. I realized that I had fallen into a box that was lying on the basement floor. I heard footsteps in the open above, so I figured that Louise had returned in time to save me. I yelled as loud as I could, but my voice was too low to be heard. The stairs creaked above me, cliff upon cliff. I knew I could never scale them. Suddenly, Louise would come to the cellar. Until then, I had to keep myself alive with whatever resources I could discover in my basement universe, and in my

13 Later, I heard a radio report announcing my tragic death." Louisa must have thought the moonlight had killed me. She was much better off believing that, but I needed her help to survive. A leaking water heater provided me with liquid sustenance, and I used my matches as my dwelling place. A piece of cloth served as my clothing, and I fashioned a pin into a hooked weapon. I never doubted that sometime Louisa would come. I had only to wait. I was driven by hunger, and also by the horrible thought that without nourishment the shrinking creature was disintegration."

If I zoom found a large piece of cheese in a mousetrap that I had once set. Desperately, I attempted to remove the food, but each movement drove the mechanism closer to being triggered. Finally, I dropped a nail onto the trap and sprang it! The cheese went sailing into the air, ending up on the drainage grate. To my anger and regret, it fell through before I could reach it. That major setback almost caused me to give up. The belief that I had a chance to really take control for myself, I said, was an enormous black void that I should not fill!

15 "The spider's presence changed my estimation of the situation. The creature also needed sustenance, and I would do as well as any other insect on its menu. Owing to my size, I didn't know whether or not I could defeat the giant. I was weak and faint, but I remembered that there might be some food on top of a shelf. I began climbing toward my distant goal end, after a very long time, I finally reached there. The food was there, but so was the spiderweb. I could not reach the morsels without causing the arachnid to attack me."

16 'Not much later, I happened to come upon an open window. Only a thin mesh wire grating prevented me from escaping my celler prison. It was ironic that I was not yet lanky enough to pass through it; now I WANTED to be smaller! As I needed back to my hovel, I saw the spider. It crossed my mind twice, having to ensnare me. Fortunately, I was not ensnare. In his hunt for food, it had become the hunted. This time I survived. But I had an enemy—the wall, built up over behind my eyes, haunts me.

17 When it was safe to do so, I retired to my humble abode to try and think things out. Although the cellar was huge, I knew that my path would eventually cross that of my parents' even if I had to grope for this immediately, before I became too small to handle my makeshift weapons. As I warily contemplated my fate, the sound of the drops they leaked from the water heater grew more enraging. I started to leave, but just then a torrent of liquid came rushing down at me! Within seconds, I was swept away by the ensuing flood! **17**

18 "I tried to grab onto nearby floating objects to save myself, but nothing helped! Fortunately, Louise and Charlie came down to the basement a few minutes later. By that time, the water was up to their ankles, but it was very near my head. I called to them, but they couldn't hear me. So Charlie turned off the water and unclogged the drain. He almost stopped on me when he headed toward the stairs; they never saw me. Neerly unconscious, I held onto a huge pipe in order to stop myself from going down the drain. Just an unassuming death that would've been

20 "My enemy seemed immortal. It was every unknown terror in the world, fused into one hideous, slight-black horror. An idea came to me; the scissors, too heavy for me to employ as a weapon, might have another use. If I could impale the monster with my hook, lesioned by a line to the scissors, then push them off the ledge... wherever the ask, it was worth a try. When my preparations were complete, I yanked on the web. Seconds later, my foe came charging down after me!"

E "I was continuing to think, 'What was I? Still a human being? Or was I the man of the future?' If there were no airplanes, no clouds drifting across seas and continents, would there be any life into this vast new world? So close, the infinitesimal and the infinite. But suddenly I knew that I was at the very ends of the same concept. The unbelievably small and the unbelievably infinitely meet, like the closing of a gigantic circle. And in that moment, I knew the answer: In the middle of the infinite that adds once beyond and ends in Merit's future, no, I was in the future's. Smaller than the smallest, I meant something, yes, to God. There is no gap. I still existed, I still

19 "I still had my weapons. With these bits of metal I was a man again. If I was to die, it would not be as a helpless insect in the jaws of the spider-monster. I recognized that part of my illness was rooted in hunger, and I remembered the food on the shelf—the cake, threaded with spider-web. If I was to win the monster, then it was to be now, while strength remained. Somehow I left within myself a new source of power—a giant strength, urging me to the death struggle."

21 The black terror crept toward me, determined to end my life. I stood, waiting for the right instant in which to make my move. When the time was right, I called out my plan! The assassins went flying over the edge of the cliff, but the threat caught only a sliver of wood. Second strike, the first failed, and my assassin returned to his attack. I tripped, and the morning's first blood was spilled. White on the white, my very brink of madness, I plunged my spear into the creature, destroying it once and for all. I was the victor, but I didn't seem to care anymore.

Jack Arnold's **THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN** has won the reputation of being a quiet classic of the horror/sci-fi genre and remains one of the most loved and exciting of the '50s nuclear paranoia films. According to writer Carlos Clavero, Arnold's *Ingrit* has "introduced a very different type of fear into the dark saloons of movie houses, not least an aesthetic but also a moral one." *Incredible Shrinking Man* is a classic Arnold, who also contributed often like *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE* (1953), *TARANTULA* (1955) and *THE SPACE CHILDREN* (1956) to the horror film treasure chest, employed a strong script by Richard Matheson in fashion as unforgettable film.

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN (1957) Universal Directed by Jack Arnold
Screenplay by Richard Matheson, from his own story. NEA Grant Williams (Scott
Cary), Randy Stuart, April Kent, Paul Langton, Raymond Bailey, William
Zachert, Dana Davis, Frank Sweeney, Helene Marshall, Eddy Curo

THE HORROR MOVIE COMICS

Last issue we ran Part the First of horror historian Ron Haydock's series on fright film comics. You may recall that at the conclusion of that erudite piece, we promised that our next issue (the very one you're now holding) is

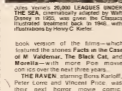
Last issue we ran Part The First of horror historian Ron Haydock's series on fright lit comics. You may recall that at the conclusion of that erudite piece, we promised that our next issue (the very one you're now holding [in your claws]) would feature his equally erudite history of Science Fiction Comics. As it turned out we were getting a bit ahead of ourselves (which, when you're as slow as we are, is not a difficult thing to do) and that installment will instead appear in a later issue of TMT. Right now Mr. Haydock addresses himself to the sinister subject of HORROR Movie Comics, and his horrific history begins herewith.

**Part 2
of a Series on
Fright Film
Comics**

BY RON HAYDOCK



Since 1963, American International Pictures has produced thirteen horror films based on stories and poems by Edgar Allan Poe, and, since 1982, DelComics has published five of these Poe-inspired films as special one-shot comic books. The first, **POE'S TALES OF TERROR**, which starred Vincent Price, Peter Lorne and Basil Rathbone, featured a sinking, horrific color photo cover of one-lime Poe's "The Hound of the Baskinville" and the devil beauty Lenora from the story *Moonlight*. Del's movie comic was issued early in 1982 and came hot on the heels of the AIP's very successful 1981 Poe film *The Hound of the Baskinville*. It assured the studio they did indeed have boxoffice magic in Edgar Allan Poe films. Publishing **POE'S TALES OF TERROR**, DelComics found that Poe was equally profitable for them and followed the four-color comic



Published in 1963, *Della* came featured Vincent Price in a full-color, suitably diabolical pose on the cover, and there were black and white photos from the movie on the inside covers. **MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH**, with Price and Heraldo Cooper, was released in 1964. **THE TOMB OF LIGEIA** and **WAR GODS OF THE DEEP** made up the final Poe movie editions.

Although Oelf never credited *WAR GODS OF THE DEEP* as being a Poe story, it most certainly was. The title itself had been inspired by the author's poem "City Beneath The Sea." However, the studio's own advertising of the movie also neglected to credit Poe as the source for the script, and no doubt Dell was simply following AIP's lead by also not publishing Poe's name along with the title of the film.

CLASSIC CRAZE CONTINUES

In 1962, amidst the Poe movie craze, Bell continued their horror movie adaptations of famous authors works by publishing Nathaniel Hawthorne's **TWICE TOLD TALES**. The United Artists film starring Vincent Price, Sebastian Cabot, Manu Blaug and Richard Deering. Later in 1966, De Bell illustrated another AIP film, **H. L. Hunt's THE MASTER**, starring Burt Lancaster and Nick Adams. The movie was based on Lowcraft's story **The Colour Out of Space**, and the movie comic featured an appropriately terrifying color picture of Karloff on the cover.

Another horror film adaptation from

THE **KILODOZER** would have been a TV special which it was ABC-TV had produced the film version of the hit on its Starlinez line as a Movie Channel offering and it was ABC-TV that gave Marvel the ABC movie rights. Marvel's comic and ABC's movie rights appeared simultaneously on newsstands and television. The next year, under the leadership of editor Roy Thomas, Marvel also published a 1968-69 comic book in Columbia's **GOLDIE VOGUE OF SINBAD** a Ray Harryhausen special effects spectacular, and then a series of dollar-size black and white magazine series based on the popular **PLANET OF THE APES** movies.

CELL LEADS THE WAY

Following Fawcett Publications' precedent-setting series of MOVIE COMICS and MOTION PICTURE COMICS in the early fifties Dell became the leading publisher of movie editions of all kinds of films. And just as they were later to produce many Edgar Allan Poe movie comics, Dell also published many movie editions of the films of Jules Verne.

Del's first Jules Verne movie comic was **20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA** from the classic Walt Disney film of 1955, starring Kirk Douglas, Peter Lorre and James Mason as Captain Nemo. Two years later, when Captain Todd produced the lavish spectacular **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS** with an all-star cast featuring David Niven, Cantinflas, Frank Sinatra and Tim McGee, Del issued their own attractive comic of the film, and followed the Todd film with **JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH** from 20th Century-Fox, in 1960. Starring James Mason, Pat Boone and Ariens Dahl, the movie not only marked James Mason's return to Verne material, but to Verne movie

Deil published **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**, a Columbia film starring Michael Callan and Joan Greenwood with Herbert Lom as Captain Nemo. **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** was a Ray Harryhausen special effects-laden giant monster romp, and the starting point for Deil's book. He interviewed members of the cast battling a giant land crab in 1964. Deil misused this comic under the title **MYSTERIOUS ISLE**. But the reprint featured a different cover replacing the comic movie photo from the original edition was artwork of a giant island and ship watching the mysterious island episode in a volcanic upheaval.

Dell's final Jules Verne movie comic was **MASTER OF THE WORLD** in 1961. This was from an AIP film starring Vincent Price, Charles Bronson, Mary Webster and Henry Hull, and featured both Price and his amazing airship on the cover.

GUILTYLINE, a Warner Bros. film that (understandably) never reached the heights of fame of the Poe and Lovecraft movies. Still, DeLo's movie edition was as neatly produced as any other they had ever published. Earlier, though, in 1963, Gold Key Comics published a horror movie comic of **X—THE MAN WITH THE X-RAYS**—EYES AN AIP science-horror film starring Ray Milland and both the film and the Gold Key comic version were much more successful than the old dark house type horror-mystery, **TWO ON A GUILTYLINE**, which starred Dean Jones and Constance

In 1973, Marvel Comics issued a strip version of Theodore Sturgeon's **KILLDOZER**. The story was published in Marvel's science-fiction-horror title **UNKNOWN WORLDS** #6 and the cover featured a blurb announcing

COMING NEXT!
SCIENCE FICTION
MOVIE COMICS!
DON'T MISS IT!

The Monster Times telescope

...is our way of getting the latest behind-the-scenes info to you, serving up all the news of what's cooking in every medium, from the new to the well-known in the well-dome movies, periodicals, horror, sci-fi and fantasy happenings in film, books, comics, TV and even real life. We have spent no costs, time or money in bringing you this expanded edition of our beloved *Telescope* page, so feel free to send us letters full of lavish praise for our endless efforts to keep you "bubbling." Handling Final Film Forecasting chores is "Benny Biff Fennel," who kicks off this feature with his column, which begins directly below.

MGM seems ready to give their all for their filming of the sci-fi thriller *LOGAN'S RUN*, spanning as expensive as special effects. I think they're trying for another 201. Do deals with the premise that, in future time, society will lead that anyone over 30 years of age has had it... or will get it, at any rate. My readers have reaction to that sound a policy, for that would do away with most of the TMT staff, yours truly included.

Smoking of disasters, *Warren Allen* keeps them coming. Will anyone be looking for the *Warren Allen* The DAY THE WORLD ENDED, *THE SWARM* and *THE POSSEIDON ADVENTURE* G. Gethings... I vote over again?

The desperados who wear black will be witches, some of just completed location shooting in San Antonio is *RACE WITH THE DEVIL*, starring Peter Fonda. *Warren Allen* and *DARK SHADOWS* starring Lisa Parker. *Witches and demons*, *Warren*... will the hero wear a ten-gallon hat?



Sci-fi classic films who brought CHARACTERS OF THE GODS to theater screens, has released a sequel entitled *THE OUTER SPACE CONNECTION*, which offers further evidence of extra-terrestrial surveillance and pre-emptive considerations.

Current sci-fi thriller *Warren Allen* is *Sandy Howard's* *EMBODY*.

Gene Hackman, along with Susan Clark, leads of *COLLOSSUS: THE FORGOTTEN PROJECT*, will star in a new suspense at 20th Century Fox entitled *NIGHT MOVES*.

AlP's release of Edgar Rice Burroughs' *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT* will be unfolding mechanical wonders—lets hope the script will be less mechanical than they. In any case, I believe that they've filmed but the first part of the *Conquest* leaving those two even better goodies in the wings as sequel material. Let's hope this one is a big enough boxoffice hit to warrant just that!



If many of you were disappointed, as I certainly was, in ABC-TV's updated production of *WONDER WOMAN*, you are in for a treat! ABC has realized its mistake with a misadventure *Cathy Lee Crosby* in that watery story with an even more misadventure and are requesting enough to offer us the NEW, ORIGINAL *WONDER WOMAN*, starring Linda Carter as "WW" and Lyle Waggoner, late of the *CAROL BURNETT* SHOW, as Colonel Steve Trevor. *Wonder* as a may sound absurd at all certainly is, that lady better have star-spangled pants and a golden lasso after her best, as well as that dumb lasso and those red high-heeled sandals, if she's going to be the astounding heroine we have come to love. Some things just should not be changed.

And speaking of *CHANGE* things, one would add *STAR TREK* to that category, and yes, dear friends, *Roddenberry* will make as few changes as possible when he leaves for New Pilot episode at Paramount. *Gene* hopes to return the entire roster of the U.S.S. *Enterprise* by the time shooting gets underway. It will first be exhibited as a theatrical release, and it is hoped is what I call a "real" to be, if we're long before that *giant* craft is again streaking through the voids of television space.

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN's macabre, Gene Wilder, will play the title role in *Classic Film* who brought CHARACTERS OF THE GODS to theater screens, has released a sequel entitled *THE OUTER SPACE CONNECTION*, which offers further evidence of extra-terrestrial surveillance and pre-emptive considerations.

Current sci-fi thriller *Warren Allen* is *Sandy Howard's* *EMBODY*.

STAR TREK KILLS

It's official now. The *USS Enterprise* will ship out in 1976 on a new mission of adventure and exploration. Paramount Pictures and Gene Roddenberry's *Horsey Productions* have become the contract impasses and have signed the papers to make the return of *STAR TREK* a reality. According to Roddenberry, the new feature-length film will feature the original cast and 10 international celebrities in came roles.

There will be lots of new things too. For one, the *USS Enterprise* will be updated to conform to new aero-space designs. New instruments like digital readouts and new controls will be added to the bridge and other control areas. The uniforms will be redesigned with new, stretch-knit materials not available when the original show went into production. The entire film will be produced in Magicam, the fantastic new miniature set process which will cut set costs in half.

But... as late as April 8th there are some things that have NOT been set. We talked with Gene on the phone to get the most up-to-date reports of the film's progress.

TMT: Has the crew signed on yet?

RODDENBERRY: No. On a friendly level they all say they want to do it, but they won't look at contracts until the script is ready. No one has signed on yet.

TMT: When will that script be done?

RODDENBERRY: It's mostly in my head now. I have little of it on paper. I figure by August...about four months.

TMT: Then the cast won't be set until late Fall?

RODDENBERRY: It looks that way.

TMT: The sets have to be built and effects arranged?

RODDENBERRY: Right.

TMT: It sounds to me as though we're talking about a shooting date in January of next year.

RODDENBERRY: Could be. I have other things to do too. I have to redesign the *Enterprise*. We gave the first model, the eleven-footer, to the Smithsonian. I also have to redesign the costumes, controls...it will be quite a task.

TMT: How long has this feature film version of STAR TREK been in the works?

RODDENBERRY: Since the day the show folded on the air, I didn't know if we could resuscitate it as the feature or a series. I guess the feature may enable us to get the series back on the air. It shows a good boxoffice return to our "friends" at the networks.

TMT: Are you excited about Magicam?

being the center of the above-mentioned film, there's yet another Holmes movie on the way. *Herbert Ross*, well direct *THE SEVEN PER CENT SOLUTION*, from Nicholas

Mayer's current best-selling tome, for Universal.

United Artists is releasing a "modern-day, spiritual treatment" of John Huston's *THE MALTESE FALCON* called *THE MANCHI EAGLE*. *MURDER, MYSTERY*, starring Gabriel Byrne, Barbara Harris, Will Geer and Jackie Gleason.

Carl Reiner, a funny, funny man, is set to direct *United Artists* a him called *HELP, I'M BEING HELD PRISONER*.

A new company called The Trans-Orbit Entertainment Corp. is invading our market, first with an occult-horror film, shot on location in New York, entitled *THE NIGHT AND THE CITY*, starring Harvey Pretnell and Jerry Lacy. They have also been up for the legitimate stage. A Hollywood murder-mystery called *CIRCLE-41* set in the glossy time-tunnels of 1944.

RODDENBERRY: Yes. It will greatly increase the number of sets we can have. It's almost limitless in scope.

TMT: I understand you get up at 4 AM each day to work on the script?

RODDENBERRY: Mostly. It's beautiful up here in the mountains. It's been a long uphill climb to get here, both physically and from a business point of view.

TMT: What's happening with your other projects?

RODDENBERRY: *QUESTOR* was shelved when NBC wanted to make many drastic changes. It just wouldn't have been the same idea I presented. Maybe we can revive it when they change their minds. I ever, maybe I can make that a film, too. *GENESIS II* was bought by CBS and changed to *PLANET EARTH* for ABC. They think it may "some day" be a mini-series called *STRANGE NEW WORLD*. No word on that yet.

TMT: Can you tell us anything about the plot of the new STAR TREK film?

RODDENBERRY: Only this idea I have been playing around with. People have always asked me "Gene, how did this whole *United Federation* thing get started. How did they meet, how did the *Enterprise* get built, what was the beginning of it all like?" I have been toying with the idea of making the feature film start with the early days of the crew in Starport and bring them up to the point where we first met them in the series. We'll see how it goes.

TMT: If it goes, when can we expect to see STAR TREK back on the tube?

RODDENBERRY: Who knows. I can tell you that I won't go to the very end of how short I would expect the magnitude to be that of a series of *Movies of the Week*, a 90-minute or two-hour mini-series like *COLUMBO*. The old hour format is not suitable anymore.

TMT: One more thing before we go. I understand from a friend at Twentieth Century Fox that you just sold them a new screenplay for a sci-fi film. What is it?

RODDENBERRY: It's a thing called *MAGNA*. I also inner space, the undersea world, in the year 2111 AD.

TMT: STAR TREK with girls?

RODDENBERRY: Well...

TMT: Sorry, I'll get back to you next month.

RODDENBERRY: O.K. I've got to get back to work. Bye. Good back.

SUPERMAN It's set to premiere on the West End, with music by Tony Macarati and book and lyrics by Tony Macarati. *Superman* is a new musical.

Have faith in the British, they were the ones responsible for bringing *THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW* here. *Superman* is a new musical. It's a lot of fun, but hardly recommended for the layperson, unless they understand *Dracula* in drag.

Frutney, I never before realized just how sturdy those two old ideas were—*FRANKENSTEIN* and *DRACULA* have been presented in almost every conceivable way possible. From musicals to comedies, to westerns to modern-day dramas, from grotesque to light cartoon. I won't wait. *Brain Stroker* and *Mary Shelly* would have to say if they knew what was being done to their creations.

SUPERMAN Author *Marlo Puro*, previously responsible for *THE GODFATHER*, *GODFATHER II*, and *CARTOONAGE* has been announced to write the screenplay for *Alexander Skalkin's* color, full-length screen adaptation of none other than *SUPERMAN*. That's the same one we all know and love. Up, Up, Up and Away—Duh!

CON-CALENDAR

THE CON-CALENDAR is an exclusive feature of TMT. Across the country, comic rats, at line, amateur lineers and the line are cheerfully gathering to buy, sell, trade, collect and listen to comics. As with all good college of trade, the conventions offer

| DATE | CONVENTION | LOCATION | PRICE | FEATURES |
|--|---|---|---|---|
| Aug 5 | TELE-FANTASY CON 75 187 10th Ave Flushing, N.Y. 11355 | HOTEL COMMODORE 42 St. & Park Ave New York City | \$6.00 for all 3 or \$4.00 a day at the door | Movie film television, radio and TV showreels comic books Special guests |
| 3rd Sunday every month | NORTOLGA 4 Church Street Waltham, Mass. 02154 | Howard Johnson Motor Lodge | 75¢ | comic books, pulp, toys, movies, auctions |
| Sunday Aug 22nd (every other month) | MOYTZ/FIL CONVENTION 10PM to 5PM | HOTEL WALPIN 340 St. & Broadway New York City | \$1.50 | Comics, comics, & even more comics! |
| Aug 23rd Sept. 1st | NORTOLGA "73" 187 10th Ave Flushing, N.Y. 11355 | HOTEL COMMODORE New York City | \$6.00 in advance \$8.00 at the door | Dealer's noon, auctions Special panel BUTTERCASK |
| August 30th Sept. 1 | PALM BEACH CON / TREKON INTERNATIONAL 1975 P.O. Box 69 W. Palm Beach, FL 33402 | COLONADES BEACH HOTEL Singer Island | \$4.50 in advance \$10.00 at the door | Super Film Festival, Art Exhibits, Dealer's Room, Size Tree, Guests, Costume Ball |

Violence in the media has been, is, and will doubtless continue to be a source of considerable controversy. The "Violence Is Good For You" believers offer data to support their contentions, while those in the "Violence Is Bad For You" camp are equally quick to come up with evidence backing THEIR claims. While we at TMT have no easy answers to offer (beyond a belief that media violence probably provides release for some, may encourage a few and affects the rest little or not at all, we do recognize a fright film industry trend to incorporate more and more explicit blood and gore into its eerie offerings. At the extreme end of this sinister spectrum is director Herschell Gordon Lewis, the man who, for better or worse, created the low-budget blood-and-gore movie, saturating local markets with titles like **BLOOD FEAST**, 2000 **MANIACS**, **GRUE-ONE TWO-SOME** and **THE WIZARD OF GORE**. Whatever else you might think about him, Mr. Lewis is nothing if not frank, as you'll discover in Randy Palmer's in-depth interview with **MONSTERMAD**'s **WIZARD OF GORE**...

Herschell Gordon Lewis is somewhat infamous in the fright film industry. Everyone, save a select few, condemns his gore films, films like **BLOOD FEAST** (see TMT #24) and 2000 **MANIACS**, and condemns him for making them. "Too Revolting," they say. "All the blood is there to cover up the bad acting," they complain. True, to some extent. But even though the horribly butchered victims in a Lewis horror film may be swimming in blood, it would take a good deal more than that to cover up their bad acting. Admittedly, the quality of Herschell Gordon Lewis' gore films are below par. But they are entertaining for some of us at least. And, besides "dollars," "entertainment" is the key word in the movie industry.

The cinemas today are flooded with gore films and would be gore films. To witness the butchery in **MARK OF THE DEVIL**, you must have close at hand (or mouth) a "vomit bag";



Here a heart-planching moment to attract masses at **BLOOD FEAST**, headless of the last that in H.G. Lewis film such suggestions are taken all too literally

to watch the plasma pulsate in **TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE**, you must pass through the "final warning station." Makes **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** look like a kid's pajama party, proclaim the ads at showings of **THE BLIND DEAD**, and on and on they drip, pictures like **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD**, **THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE**, **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT**, **ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN** and **ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA**.

To those who insist that the gore films are not entertaining, but merely disgusting, you may deliberately protest against the



While many people feel that H.G. Lewis' "gore" movies lack among the worst ever made in any genre, some amateur actors would give their right arm to appear in his gore epics. A good case in point is the amateur actor who made just such a sacrifice in 2000 **MANIACS**, the second in H.G.'s sickening series of violent vehicles

Lewis, **BLOOD FEAST** is inevitably mentioned first. Was this actually your first film?

HGL: **BLOOD FEAST** was not my first film by any means. It was the first gore film by anyone. My first film was not a horror film but rather a horrible film called **THE PRIME TIME**, made back in 1959, and followed by a film called **LIVING VENUS**, which still shows around from time to time. Both those two pictures were in black and white. Then, in 1960, I made a film called **LUCKY PIERRE**, which was the first really respectable winner I had. So **BLOOD FEAST** was not the first film.

TMT: What type of work were you involved in before you began making motion pictures?

HGL: I was in the commercial film business and, like many people in the commercial film business, I felt that there was nothing to making features at all. But any fool with a little luck could make one. Subsequently it turned out that my analysis was right. I also was—and am—in the advertising business.

TMT: What were the circumstances that encouraged you to produce **BLOOD FEAST**?

HGL: You must remember that the climate for film production in the early and middle 1960s was not what it is (today). Independents had a long road to hoe, if I may use a cliché, when it came to film distribution.

In order to interest a theater in playing one's product, it was necessary to make a film that the major companies could not or would not make. My feeling was that the only way to make a film that the major companies could not or would not make was to make either a film that was so loaded with sex or a film that was so loaded with horror that the major companies would feel it was too specialized for them. Thus, **BLOOD FEAST**.

And the theme of **BLOOD FEAST** was one I felt least likely well to the kind of low-budget intensive production that we were geared to make. Your ego goes out the window and instead you make a picture for the audience rather than for the satisfaction of ego or the winning of an award.

TMT: How did you go about getting **BLOOD FEAST** distributed?

HGL: There was in the film world a group of distributors who knew of me—who had made some money on my previous pictures—who felt, as I did, the time had come for them to move

Fred Ransley, domineering Egyptian catman working out of Miami Beach, has the last laugh at the expense of shocked critics in one of the nastier scenes from **BLOOD FEAST**. According to author Lewis, **BLOOD FEAST** is like a Walt Whitman poem. It's no good, but it was the best of its type

out of an era in which they could distribute only sex films or else be ignored. Sex films were the only films being made by independents in those days. In that respect, **BLOOD FEAST** is a far greater innovation than it appears to be. While **BLOOD FEAST** was indeed the first "gore" film, and while the major companies did fall in line behind it, making that kind of picture subsequently (as witness **THE WILD BUNCH**), nonetheless **BLOOD FEAST** had an additional distinction in distribution in that it was the first of its type to be distributed by independent distributors.

TMT: Did you have any problems financing it?

HGL: **BLOOD FEAST** didn't cost enough money to make me worry about financing it.

TMT: Why did you choose to make **BLOOD FEAST** an out-and-out blood-and-guts film?

HGL: Why not? Suppose instead of the kind of film we had made, we made one which was a 39 **STEPS** kind of suspense story. Do you think that with our budget, with the calibre of actors



we were able to command, with an eight-day shooting schedule, we could have made a film of that [stature?] I don't. I deliberately set out to make this picture this way. Yes, I do feel that if we had spent twice as much money, or spent twice as much time, or had twice as good actors, we could have made a far better film. No, I don't think that would have had a profound effect on the box office receipts.

TMT: The MPAA really cracks down on horror films nowadays.

HGL: Today's film of this type automatically is rated X, despite the fact that we deliberately make them in a world of fantasy.

TMT: And the major film companies don't want to gamble with an 'X' or even an 'R'-rated horror film now, it seems, since Fox and Warner and some other majors have been trimming their British horror imports to get 'PG' ratings.

HGL: The major companies, if they are going to make an X picture, which they seldom do, they make an X picture with maximum audience appeal. And the only two X pictures I can think of made by the majors are *BLACK WITCH* ORANGE, since cut down to an R, and *LAST TANGO IN PARIS*. This is the reason the X pictures don't go as far out as we do in explicit gore. The gore that they use, for example, in the Peckinpah pictures which followed ours is not substantial enough to rate them an X, only an R.

TMT: Do you like *BLOOD FEAST*?

HGL: Of course I do. I like every film I've ever seen, with the exception of any film that has Barbara Streisand or Carol Channing in it. Or Mickey Rourke!

TMT: There seem to be a number of people who don't care for the film.

HGL: *BLOOD FEAST* is a lot of fun. I can't imagine anybody taking it seriously. There are those who do. There are people who've seen it 100 times. I get crank letters to this day on that film from people who have seen it once and who can't understand at all that it is such a picture could be made by civilized people.

TMT: Which of your own productions are you most pleased with?

HGL: I guess *2000 MANIACS*, because it's the most creative picture I've ever made. I've made better pictures. I think *SOME-THING WEIRD* is probably my best picture. But *2000 MANIACS* is well-acted all the way through, the effects are good, and it has a few crowd scenes and it holds its budget.

TMT: Do you think *2000 MANIACS* was an improvement over *BLOOD FEAST*?

HGL: In the sense that it's a far more polished production, yes. Please bear in mind: we compete for playing time not with other independent producers, we compete with Warner Brothers, we compete with Universal, we compete with Columbia, we compete with Fox, and we compete with Fox, so the same reviewers review our pictures that may have seen earlier than did *THE EXORCIST* or *AIRPORT* or *BEN HUR* or some huge-budget picture. They're reviewed in that same frame of mind, so there is no special dispensation. This is one reason that the critics sometimes are unkind, not because the audience is displeased, but because they use a different set of yardsticks altogether.

TMT: How much have *BLOOD FEAST* and *2000 MANIACS* grossed individually?

HGL: Gross is a very tough

yardstick, because, when you're in states-wide distribution, you can only deal in net film rental. *BLOOD FEAST* has returned film rentals of about half a million dollars, and *2000 MANIACS* has returned about \$400,000. In that respect, *BLOOD FEAST* has returned film rentals which are roughly fifteen to twenty times its investment. *2000 MANIACS* has brought back about ten times its investment.

TMT: When *BLOOD FEAST* was shot what was the general attitude among family and friends?

HGL: Well, I was always regarded as an oddball anyway. Bear in mind that for some years I'd been making audios, so this was a big step up. It's like somebody getting out of jail and going to a half-way house. He's regarded as being re-admitted to organized society. To this day, when I make a gore film, my relatives refuse to sit through it.

TMT: Why do you think *BLOOD FEAST* and *2000 MANIACS* got more attention than some of the others, like *WARD OF GORE* or *THE GORE GORE GIRLS*?

HGL: Well, I've often made the remark that *BLOOD FEAST* is like a Walt Whitman poem: it's no good, but it was the first of its type!

TMT: Hammer Films used to make three different versions of their horror films: a mild one for Great Britain, a stronger one for America and a blouder one for Japan. Have you ever done this with any of your productions?

HGL: Nosire! First of all, I don't know that this is really a fact with Hammer. Hammer had scenes which were cut out of certain exhibitions. So have we! We've had circumstances with individual censor boards where



One of my friend's young maniacs relieves young woman of her breasts in *2000 MANIACS*, a product of H. Lewis, modestly titled *Adult Spectaculars America*. The film took 16 days, hundreds of dollars, without official notice and without a single word of agreement to cut. For example, in the state of Kansas, the three young ladies of the Kansas censor board who respectfully told me to cut the tongue scene down in *BLOOD FEAST*. So I did. I cut, as a matter of fact, a total of about ten feet. So they could say they did their job, and I could say I did mine.

But I don't think that it makes any sense when you're making a specialty picture to make three versions of a specialty picture the way Sears & Roebuck makes pillow cases; good, better and best! The picture exists on its own level. You take the gore out of *BLOOD FEAST* and all you have left is about fifty-eight or sixty minutes of bad acting, which is no excuse for a picture.

TMT: Have you been forced to cut any scenes from your films by the MPAA?

HGL: Well, the MPAA can't force you to cut scenes. All they can do is give you an X, and a



Another subtly lovely lady party to the psychotic ban and games of two *2000 MANIACS*, a film described in the original ad as "Grossness Slaughter Stained on Blood Color"

circumstance with *GORE GORE GIRLS* where they rated it X. I appealed it (and all these things cost money—there's where one is trapped). I appealed it on the grounds of some of the other types of pictures they had rated R and even PG. The Appeals Board met in New York. I made my argument, which took about half an hour; the representative of the MPAA, Aaron Stern, made his argument, which took twenty seconds; he simply asked them to confirm it and they confirmed it. But I had a chance there, I suppose, by emasculating the picture to get it rated R. But again, I cannot believe that I'd have any picture if I did that. So they can't force you to cut scenes, all they can do is give an X rating.

TMT: Were there any ideas for any gory scenes you have been unable to complete for any reason?

HGL: Yes. We had a scene in *2000 MANIACS* in which the girl who ultimately the bonder was



TMT: Have you made any pictures in the 'X'-rated vein?

HGL: I shot a film, again for a third person, a man named Hurley, and the film was called *THE PSYCHIC*. It was a pure G picture. It was a bleached-out version, in a sense, of a picture he had made called *SOME-THING WEIRD*. This picture could not get played; it was an ego-piece of Hurley's. So, suddenly he decided to add sex scenes to it. So from being a G picture it became an X picture—a soft X. I'm sure he couldn't get it played, he had outside investors who were getting very itchy, so he decided to buy anything, bought the picture and retitled it *COPENHAGEN*. *PSYCHIC LOVE*, Kohlerberg has a Copenhagen thing. He will put the name Copenhagen on almost any picture. I'm sure that when he plays the picture it'll be called *THE COPENHAGEN STING* and *THE COPENHAGEN EXORCIST* and *SNOW WHITE* in

TMT: How did you and your partner, Dave Friedman, work together in terms of casting, what the amount of violence would be in a key scene, and so forth?

HGL: The issues never came up. Dave and I have, in respect, a perfect partnership. He respected my ability to make pictures; I respected his ability to campaign them. The only argument we ever had over casting was with a girl named Connie Mason, who appeared in *BLOOD FEAST*. [She also appeared in their next production, *2000 MANIACS*.] I'd like to say she was the least talented

actress I had ever met; a former *PLAYBOY* centerfold girl who had at least 78 teatits! (Laughs) Dave seemed to be entranced by this creature so we put her in the part. She could not read a line. That was the only argument we ever had. In fact, we wound up taking lines away from her and giving them to other people, even off-screen voices, just to get the picture finished!

Connie Mason was not one of the massive Therapian talents of our time. She was rather decorative. As Hitchcock said after he had Kim Novak in a picture, "She didn't damage it much," and that was the reaction I have always had to that girl.

TMT: Who actually designed the make-up and the gore?

HGL: It was either Louise Downe or myself. In one picture where we had a little gore, a picture called *MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN*, I had another fellow named Pat Patterson from Charlotte, North Carolina. But Pat's effects were awfully stagy—they weren't really designed to be photographed close up.

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COPENHAGEN. This is simply the mentality of that particular man. (Laughs)

TMT: Can you give us a one- or two-sentence plot summation of your horror films other than *BLOOD FEAST*, *2000 MANIACS*, and *COLOR ME BLOOD RED*?

HGL: Ha! I can give you a one-sentence synopsis of *HAM-LET*—it'll sound very stupid, but let me try.

There is a TASTE OF BLOOD. A TASTE OF BLOOD is a classic Dracula story in modern-day dress. A descendant of the House of Crone, which is the basic Dracula family, is sent a parcel which contains some bottles of ancient brandy. He is instructed by the solicitors for his great-great-grandfather's estate to drink this brandy, one sip a day for a certain amount of time. Then one day he gets another letter and it reads, "Descendant of the House of Crone: By the time you read this the blood of the Draculas will be flowing through your veins." (Imitating Lugosi's voice) And he sets out and does a certain amount of damage. TASTE OF BLOOD is the longest picture I ever made. It's two hours long and it's a very heavy picture. I suppose you might say it's ponderous at points. It's decorative, but it's heavily produced.



Herschell Gordon Lewis, once and future Wizard of Gore, moon phases at busy film company headquarters. Herschel's, in passive expression would seem to belie the irreducible fact that there's a lot in that face

There's a lot of production value in that picture and it never made a dime.

GRUESOME TWOSOME was about a little old lady who runs a wig shop. Her idiot son, who lives in the basement, gives her the makings for the wig because she lures young girls in through the other door on the grounds of renting them a room, and then Rodney, the son, cuts their scalps out to give her hair to make wigs with.

THE WIZARD OF GORE is almost occult. It's about a magician whose horrible tricks actually work. When he cuts a woman in half, she's cut in half. When he sticks a sword down her throat, there's a sword down her throat. And yet, to the audience, the illusion is only an illusion. Thirty minutes after the show is over, these girls fall into fourteen pieces.

Incidentally, that's generic to my kind of gore pictures: it's always young girls.

Bloodbath and *BLOOD FEAST* supports H.G.'s cynical but unfortunately accurate contention that "girls between the age of eighteen and thirty are to be used and thrown away as trash." Lewis and other (right) thinkers have turned (right) perverts to perverse propulsion.



TMT: We've noticed that.

HGL: Audiences somehow are not interested in seeing geriatric patients disemboweled. They've gotta be subile, fairly voluptuous if possible, girls between the age of eighteen and thirty, let's say. Let's give them some breadth there. Children, never. We never touch a child. That's not playing the game. But as you perfectly well know, girls between the age of eighteen and thirty are to be used and thrown away anyway!

Then there's **THE GORE GORE GIRLS**, in which a maniac is killing off go-go dancers. **GORE GORE GIRLS** is by far the most hep and certainly the most whimsical of the gore gils. In many areas it's funny. It's a comedy with gore, if you can visualize it, done very much upbeat, obviously a fantasy.

TMT: What about SOMETHING WEIRD?

HGL: I suppose you might consider **SOMETHING WEIRD** as a gore film, although it really isn't. **SOMETHING WEIRD** is about ESP and witchcraft. It's about a man who is hopelessly marked in the face through an accident, and a witch agrees to give him back his good looks if he will become her lover. The witch herself is a completely repulsive crone to him; to everyone else she appears to be a beautiful woman. But to him she is as repulsive as she can possibly be. It's a strange picture.

TMT: The press sheets for **MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN** give the impression that it's a pure 'G'-rated film, with no gore.

HGL: We had gore in **MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN** and took it out because we were getting family audiences. I, with great reluctance, took out the 'stomping scene,' which I thought was one of the best gore effects we ever had.

TMT: What happens there?

HGL: The federal agent in **MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN** was caught by this huge boot who was a half-wit and stomped to death. There's a great scene where this hob-nail boot comes smashing down on the shirt and the shirt splits and you see the ribs and the ribs are smashed and the gore and the blood come flying out, and we took this scene out because we were getting family audiences for **MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN**.

TMT: What other films have you made other than the gore films?

HGL: There's **BLAST-OFF GIRLS**, about the girls who follow rock 'n' roll bands. It's full of very good, uptight music—a fairly well-produced picture, but we had sound trouble on the picture and I didn't find that out until long after the Captains and Kings had departed, so in the filtering of the sound, except for the music, there's a problem. But it's a fairly well-made picture.

Then there has been a picture called **THIS STUFFLL KILL YA**. Now **THIS STUFFLL KILL YA** is a modern-day **MOON SHINE MOUNTAIN**. It was shot in Oklahoma and it's about a preacher and his fake congregation. We had a couple of mild gore effects in there. In that particular case, I had a girl stuffed to death; this was the effect we took out of 2000 **MIAMI** and it was shot in the same place because we shot it at night, not in the daytime, so some of the problems we might've had we didn't have. We had a textured stone which, when it hit her in the face, looked for all the world like a stone and raised the living daylights and scraped her skin. That worked.

Then there was **YEAR OF THE YAHOO**, about a country & western singer who runs for senator. We shot this one in San

Then there is **HOW TO MAKE**

DOLL, a horrible picture. That's one that Dave Chaplin, who was my partner on SUBURBAN ROULETTE—his wife, I think, wrote this picture, although it was never admitted. And I made that as a package together with a picture that I like and nobody else does called JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT. HOW TO MAKE A DOLL is about a professor who makes life-like gorgeous dolls out of some infernal machine that he's got. It's a comedy. It's a good bottom half for a double feature. JUST

"Scene four, Take one," and hit the stick and throw it aside and start to act. We had no person to hold the stick.

TMT: To keep production costs down, have you used friends as characters in your pictures, or are "professional" actors employed?

HGL: Sure I used friends in pictures. They are certainly no worse than many actors I know. As a matter of fact, some of my friends, who have about as much acting talent as a half-witted oyster, are still more talented than such actors as Tab Hunter or Marilyn Monroe or Dorothy Lamour or Red Taylor or some of the glossy female brutes who parade around as actresses today. Sid Reeth, who was my partner in **A TASTE OF BLOOD**, played the part of a lawyer in that picture. He was so bad I had to cut all but two lines which I had to have for the plotline. Otherwise it was unbelievable; it was a deadly day's shooting.

Whether or not somebody is an actor depends to a great extent on whether somebody else thinks he's an actor. I'll give you an example: in **BLOOD FEAST**, there's a fellow named Scott Hall who plays the police captain.



A battered, bruised and bloodied female turns up on the beach in Lewis's gruesomely groundbreaking **BLOOD FEAST**, a film that, according to its creator, returned "roughly fifteen to twenty times its investment." H.G.'s crew of largely unprofessional actors are usually at their best when playing corpses.

people in a psychedelic kind of way: their faces are partly painted and they're standing around on one leg and one huge hulking oaf is sitting alone on the couch and someone empties a goldfish bowl over his head. He takes the goldfish bowl and throws it into a piece-glass mirror, which sets off general carnage which doesn't end until the entire room is demolished. Furniture, walls, everything! We just emptied out the studio in that shot! On the covering shot for that particular sequence, we ran over the feet without a cut, and we used two other cameras for closer shots and for action. It's a fairly hard-boiled picture and it's an R.

TMT: What has been your biggest-budgeted film to date?

HGL: Either 2000 MANIACS
or A TASTE OF BLOOD.

TMT: What about the smallest?

HGL: (Laughs) **LUCKY PIERRE**. **LUCKY PIERRE** was so cheap to make, I don't ever tell anyone what that cost to make. We only bought 8,000 feet of film to make the picture. The finished film runs seventy minutes on the nose, which is 6,500 feet of finished film. We cut the slates off—we didn't have enough left to make a trailer. In fact, **LUCKY PIERRE** was so cheap that sometimes in that picture the actors had to work their own clankies! They would say

say they can. It may be that with enough patience, just as some people can train a flea to hop over their fingers—or I saw an act once at the Shrine Circus where someone had trained cows to run in a circle (laughs)—you can teach people to act. That's all these people are. They are trained animals. Lewis' Dancing Bears!

TMT: How long did it take to film *BLOOD FEAST*?

HGL: Eight days. Eight magnificent days in the Florida sun. We didn't really know in front of how long it should take, but it was obvious when we started shooting **BLOOD FEAST** we were all writing it! Louise Downie carries the screenwriting credit on that picture. Actually she and I wrote it together in tandem, taking turns on the typewriter, and as one of us would write because the other was exhausted, the other would start fooling with gore effects. There had not been a gore

he'll do it exactly the same way. There's no problem cutting to a close-up on him. Connie Mason, I've already explained, played—attempted—the female lead in both pictures. I think those were the only overlaps in casting. 2006 **MANIACS** was shot in a town called St. Cloud, which is near Orlando, Florida. **BLOOD FEAST** was shot in Miami.

The professor who gives the lecture in **BLOOD FEAST** was actually a fellow who hocked candy during the intermission at the Gayety Theater in Miami Beach! We used him in this one and we couldn't get him to say "identify"—he kept saying "endently," and we had to kind of clip the track finally to have it sound like "endently," which nobody objected to. That's the kind of talent that we do get, though.

TMT: Are there any amusing anecdotes you can relate concerning your films?

BGL: Yes, there are. Going back to that last chase scene in **BLOOD FEAST**—a man's bringing chased down the Miami garbage dump and no matter how hard I yelled and screamed, the police who were chasing him passed him! They wouldn't maintain their distance. So ultimately we had to go back together. They just refused to stay behind him; they thought it was some kind of a contest where they had to catch him. We had asked them to give us an old garbage scow and the city of North Miami Beach to be cooperative, the night before we shot it they had a school-bus repainted to look like a brand new garbage scow—they were going to be in show business!

TMT: One other film people sometimes compare your gore films to is **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**. What is your opinion of the film?

HGL: Well, at the risk of being regarded as competitive, I think it's overrated. It's not really a good film and it's black and white. That's the picture that was shot in Pittsburgh and I played it in one of my theaters. I have no objection to the picture. I just don't think that it is parallel to our gore pictures. I've heard this a hundred times, by the way, so it's not that it's the first time I've heard the comment made. But I do not regard **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** as a gore picture.

TMT: What are your future plans concerning filmmaking?

HGI: I'm in pre-production on

a picture called **GALAXY GIRLS**. A different kind of picture altogether. **GALAXY GIRLS** is about some girls who come from a planet where sex is food, and that is they must have sex to live—it is their nourishment. But the men on their planet look like suitcases. So they don't know what earthmen look like, and they are beamed to our planet. Earth is a comedy. It's like Woody Allen's **SLEEPER**. I don't know quite when I'm going to shoot it, even, for that matter, where. There is no nudity in it. It's not designed at all to have any prurient appeal; it's strictly a comedy and I imagine I'll get a PG but I won't complain if I get

TMT: Thank you, Mr. Lewis.

HGL: Thank you for asking. ■

The Horror Films of Herschell G. Lewis

BLOOD FEAST (1963)
2000 MANIACS (1963)
COLOR ME BLOOD RED (1966)
A TASTE OF BLOOD (1967)
SOMETHING WEIRD (1968)
GRUESOME TWOSOME (1969)
WIZARD OF GORE (1970)
THE GORE GORE GIRLS (1972)

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